DEWEY DAY EDITION.

The Wheeling Intelligencer.

PART TWO. Pages 9 to 16.

VOLUME XLVIII—NUMBER 157. WHEELING, W. VA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1900.—SIXTEEN PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS. { ON TRAINS FIVE CENTS.

THE STORY OF DEWEY'S GREAT NAVAL TRIUMPH.

A Thrilling Narrative of the Sea That Kindles One's Blood Until It Tingles.

THE STATEROOM OF ENSIGN JOHN S. DODDRIDGE,

On Board the "Boston," Wrecked by a Shell, and This Was the Extent of the Injuries Inflicted by the Dons Upon the American Squadron—Dewey Went in and Whipped Montejo to a Turn, Drew Away and Breakfasted, Then Returned and Coolly Finished the Work in Hand—The Great Admiral Showed the Highest of Naval Generalship, and at One Stride Ascended to the Pinnacle of Fame's Ladder.

When, in April of 1898, the war cloud was dark and lowering, and hostilities with Spain seemed imminent, Secretary Long ordered the cruiser Baltimore from Yokohoma to Hong Kong to join Commodore George Dewey, in command of the Asiatic squadron, the intention being to send the fleet against Manila, the capital city of the Philippine group, Spain's richest colonial possession in the Far East. The Baltimore, commanded by Captain N. M. Dyer, reached Hong Kong April 21, the very day on which Sampson cleared Key West with his fleet in the first movement of the impending conflict, and the day on which the Buenaventura was captured by the little Nashville (an act of war that was known throughout the country within a few hours, and which induced the Intelligencer to order the ringing of its war alarm, as everybody in Wheeling will remember).

Delayed by the foul-bottomed condition of the Baltimore, which was placed on the dry dock at Hong Kong, the fleet was not ready for its movement on Manila until the following Sunday, April 24—the day on which the Spanish government issued a decree declaring the existence of war, an act that compelled the friendly British governor at Hong Kong to order Dewey's fleet from the harbor, a measure required of neutral powers. That very afternoon part of the fleet sailed, and on Monday the other warships followed, and proceeded to Mirs bay, in Chinese territory, thirty miles distant. Writing of the departure of the fleet from Hong Kong, Gunner Evans, of the Boston, says: "When we were leaving port for Manila the captain of the Immortalite (British) shouted to Captain Wildes: 'You will surely win. I have seen too much of your target practice to doubt it.' I believe the Russian, German and French naval officers thought Spain would conquer."

Sailed for Manila.

Commodore Dewey sailed for Manila from Mirs bay on Wednesday, April 27, with the following ships: Olympia, flagship, protected cruiser, 5,870 tons, Captain Gridley (since deceased); Baltimore, protected cruiser, 4,413 tons, Captain Dyer; Raleigh, protected cruiser, 3,213 tons; Boston, protected cruiser, 3,000 tons, Captain Wildes; Concord, gunboat, 1,710 tons, Captain Walker; Petrel, gunboat, 892 tons, Captain Wood; Hugh McCulloch, revenue cutter, commanded by Captain Hodgsdon, of the revenue service, accompanied by the transports Nashau and Zafiro, carrying 3,600 tons of coal and six months' supplies for the squadron. The squadron left the bay with the flagship leading, her band playing the stirring Sousa march, "El Capitan." An eight-knot speed was maintained, Dewey knowing that high speed would avail nothing, the Spaniards in Manila having been notified of the American fleet's departure. The coast of Luzon was sighted Saturday, April 30. The Boston and Concord were ordered ahead to examine Subig bay, the commodore desiring to avoid a nautical ambush, it being thought likely that the Spanish admiral, Montejo, would come out to meet the Americans. The bay was found unoccupied, and here the fleet was assembled. A council of war was held by the captains, at which the commodore gave his orders, and then, as the shades of evening fell, the squadron was led down the coast, with the intention of striking the entrance to Manila bay at midnight. At midnight the heights of Corregidor island loomed ahead, and soon the fleet was entering the bay about to be made memorable as the scene of the greatest victory in the annals of the navy of a great nation of freemen over an opposing fleet flying the colors of a country whose flag had always been synonymous with oppression. The strong battery on Corregidor remained silent until the last vessel in the squadron, the McCulloch, gave the alarm by the light arising from the stoking of her fires. Then almost instantaneously a rocket flashing up hundreds of feet into the air showed that the surprise was a surprise no longer. An answering rocket came from El Fraile, on the other side of the channel, followed by the boom of a great gun. The Boston returned the fire, as did the McCulloch with her six-pounders, and the Concord with her six-inch guns. No damage was done, and soon the silence of night returned and the squadron proceeded up the bay, most of the men sleeping beside their guns until daylight, when a light breakfast was served.

When Manila Opened its Eyes.

When Manila woke up that Sunday morning (May 1) the American ships lay seven miles west from the city, and the same distance northwest of Cavite, the naval station, off which the Spanish fleet was at anchor. And they were in a state of almost utter unpreparedness—not a vessel had steam up, Montejo evidently depending upon the land batteries for protection until he, in the usual Spanish way, decided to "come out and whip the audacious Yankees." At 5:15 o'clock the first shot was fired; it came from one of the Manila batteries, and the shell struck the water a mile from the flagship.

What followed, the Intelligencer, through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, is enabled to give in the language of John R. Spears, in "The History of Our Navy," who says:

The air was motionless and the sea a perfect level. The rose light of dawn had suffused the eastern sky, but a faint haze in the dead air curtained off the Spaniards in the little harbor at Cavite, so that they were wholly invisible. But Dewey knew that they were there (ten fighting ships, besides transports and two torpedo boats), and, hoisting the old flag to the fore and main peaks and the spanker gaff, or taffrail staff, of every ship, he left the transports with the McCulloch in the middle of the bay, headed the Olympia off toward the northerly end of the bay, swung her around in a wide arc toward Manila on the east, and with his fighting squadron following him with the precision of a tow on the great lakes, he steamed straight at his anchored prey. A signal at the yard arm read, "Fire as convenient."

While yet he was several miles away the Spanish squadron appeared with colors up, and the fierce little gunners in the Cavite forts began to fire their big guns. The Spanish ships soon joined in, but Dewey held on his way into that hail of steel without reply, while his crews at their guns, "with set teeth and the smile that one sees so often in the faces of men in the prize ring," awaited the word in silence.

At last, when a little more than two miles away from forts and anchored squadron, the Olympia swerved to the right (west), so as to pass the Spaniards broadside to broadside, and then, turning to the captain of the ship, Dewey said:

"You May Fire, Gridley."

"When you are ready you may fire, Gridley," and Gridley passed the order to the eager gunners in the Olympia's forward turret.

The two long eight-inch rifles there were already trained on the Spanish flagship, and as the order was heard they made quick reply. Two darting flashes in the midst of a rolling cloud of smoke were seen, and with a shivering roar the projectiles were hurled at the doomed Spaniards.

"Almost instantly—it seemed like an echo—came the sound of the guns of the other ships" of the Yankee squadron. It was at exactly 5:35 o'clock that the first guns on the Olympia were fired. Our ships were slowed down as they approached the Spaniards to give our gunners a better chance. The headway was just about right to carry the guns of the leader clear of the smoke they made, and, seeing this, and that the Yankees were now well within range, the Spaniards worked their guns with redoubled fury. To the crews of the transports it seemed that "never did spectators watch a more desperate game." The water on every side of our ships was cut and slashed into foam and spray, while the guns at Manila reached out to fill the air about the transports, as well as the fighting ships, with screaming shot.

Passing the anchored squadron at a range of a mile and a half, Dewey laid his ships in front of the forts on Cavite Point, and then, turning slowly about, went back at them with the fresh batteries to starboard. He had given the Spaniards such punishment as they had never dreamed of, but they were fighting with the desperation of cornered rats, and their fire seemed undiminished.

Indeed, as our squadron drew near once more, a huge mine field was exploded a thousand yards or so in advance of the Olympia, and then, when it was seen that the mine had failed to do its work, the beautiful white flagship, Reina Christina, slipped her cable and came out to meet the Olympia, rail against rail. Here, if ever, was uncircumspect valor—the clawing dash of the cat at the unrelenting bull dog—but the guns of almost our entire squadron were turned upon her, and no flesh and blood could face the hell of bursting steel that was hurled upon her. Her sides were crushed in, her men melted away from their guns, and, turning her about, Admiral Montejo headed her back toward the shelter of the bay. But just as she turned her stern fairly toward our squadron one of the clear-eyed gunners in the Olympia's forward turret let drive his eight-inch rifle. It was a shot like that fired by Commodore Macdonough at the flagship of the enemy on Lake Champlain, for it raked the Reina Christina from stern to bow, killing and wounding sixty men (her captain was among the killed), and started a fire in her splintered woodwork that could not be extinguished. She had come out to overwhelm our Olympia, and within ten minutes was sent drifting back, a flaming wreck from which every man able to do so was fleeing for life.

Like Perry on Lake Erie.

But, though he had lost his best ship, Admiral Montejo would not yet surrender. Lowering a boat in the midst of the battle, like Commodore Perry on Lake Erie he rowed away with his flag, "through fire and smoke," to the Isle de Cuba. Reaching this vessel in safety, he signalled to two small torpedo boats to go out and do the work in which he had failed.

A moment later the black sneaks came flying at full speed straight for the Olympia. Her large guns were turned upon them the moment they appeared, but without effect, for their speed was too great for such unwieldy weapons, and while yet our men were reloading the great guns, the torpedo boats had arrived at a range of 800 yards.

But there their careers ended. The lean secondary batteries—the murderous rapid-fire six-pounders—took up the fight, "the surface of the ocean burst into foam under the hail of shot" about the doomed boats, and then a cloud of white smoke or steam arose suddenly from the leader, and in an instant she sank out of sight. Whether her boiler was pierced or her torpedo magazine exploded will never be known, for all hands on board of her perished.

And when she sank her mate turned about and fled to the beach, where it was afterward found riddled and splashed with blood.

Steaming on to the east our squadron turned back to pass the Spaniards a third time. They found the Don Antonio de Ulloa in flames near the burning Spanish flagship, but her crew were still firing their guns. Her captain had nailed the blood and gold flag to the mast, and she sank under the renewed fire of our ships, with her colors flying and her guns working till the sissing water entered their hot muzzles.

Stripped naked to the waist, bareheaded and barefooted, and with the perspiration streaking their smoke-grimed bodies, our men were working their guns with regularity and precision, while the enemy fought back in a frenzy. The Yankees laughed and cheered. The Spaniards sputtered and screamed. The Castillo was now

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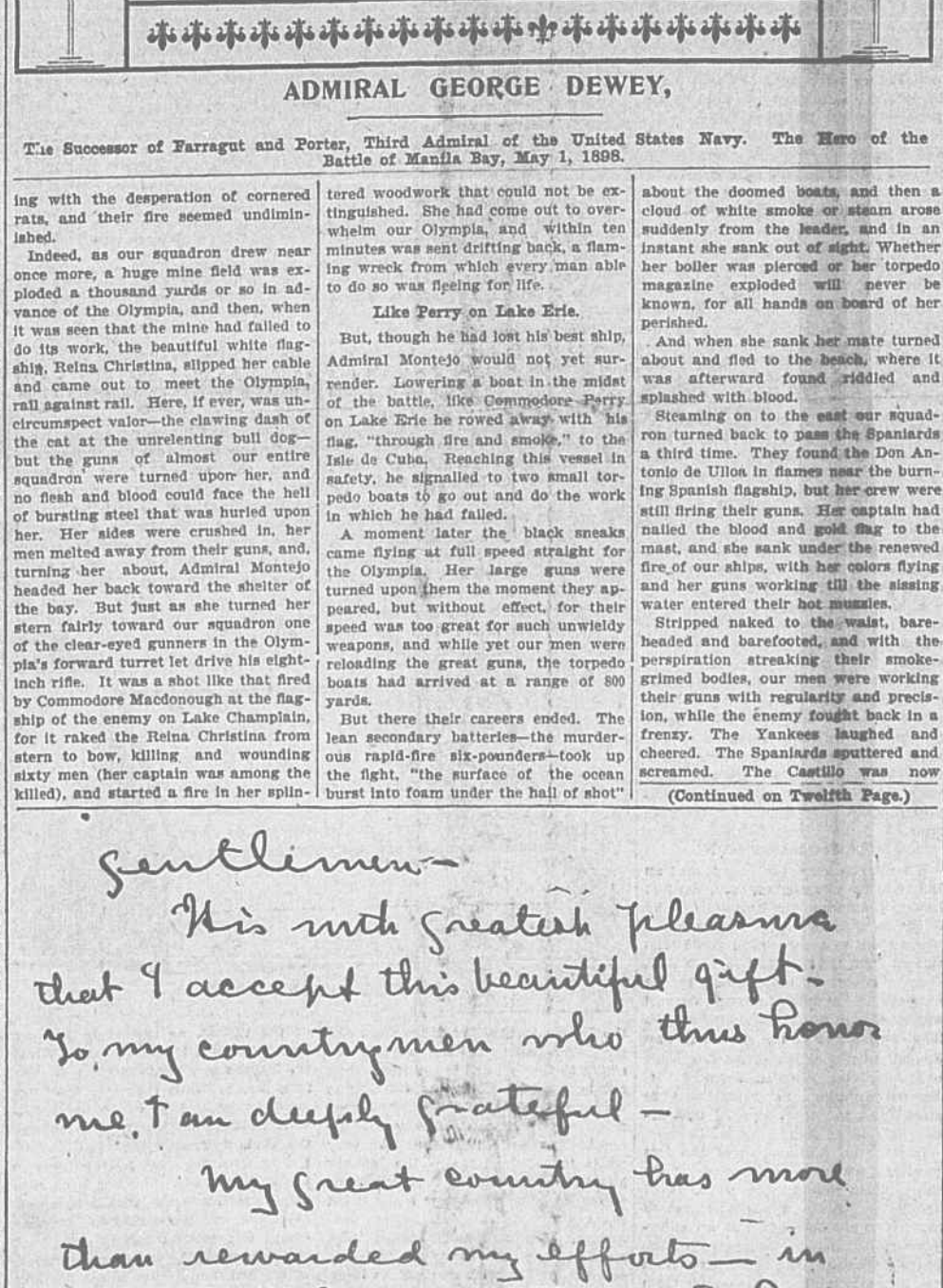
ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY,

The Successor of Farragut and Porter, Third Admiral of the United States Navy. The Hero of the Battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898.



DEWEY'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE.

When the Wheeling committee presented the city's wedding gift to Admiral and Mrs. Dewey, November 24, 1899, the admiral made an extemporaneous speech of thanks, forgetting for the instant a speech he had written in advance. A few minutes later he read the speech reproduced above, and presented the original manuscript to the Intelligencer.

SIEGE OF FT. HENRY, FINAL ACTION OF THE REVOLUTION.

An Act in the Drama of War for American Independence That Will Live Always.

"BETSY" ZANE'S MEMORABLE POWDER EXPLOIT

Occurred During This Last Clash at Arms Between the Americans, and British and Indians—Heroism and Fortitude Displayed by the Brave Garrison in Repulsing a Superior Force—The Gallantry of the Chivalrous Drake Brought a Hero's Death. Women in Those Days Who Could Fight Like the Best and Strongest of Men.

When Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington at Yorktown, in October of 1781, the Revolution was practically ended and American independence secured. But while this was the state of affairs east of the mountains, here in the Ohio valley the British redcoat and his red ally, the Indian, continued to harass the brave frontiersmen, who were pushing the outposts of civilization steadily westward. The news of the disaster to the British arms soon became known on the frontier, and great was the rejoicing it caused at Pittsburgh, Wheeling and other settlements. Likewise it reached the Indians and created dismay everywhere. In August, 1782, a grand council of the Indian hostiles was held at Chillicothe, Ohio, in which many tribes were represented. Simon Gerty and McKee, the notorious renegades, took part in the proceedings and counseled continued operations against the whites. Girty in particular was persistent in his counsels, and eventually he won the day. The result was the formation of two expeditions, one of 600 warriors against Kentucky, and the second of 350 to proceed against northwestern Virginia, with Wheeling as the objective point. The Kentucky expedition was carried out at once, and with success, but for some reason the enterprise against Wheeling (Fort Henry) was delayed. Finally, upon learning of the success of the Kentucky raid, the Indian army set out for Wheeling.

About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 11th day of September, 1782, says Caldwell's "History of the Pan Handle," John Lynn, a celebrated spy of the border, who had been engaged in watching the paths northwest of the Ohio leading toward the settlement, discovered a large force of Indians marching with great expedition toward Wheeling. He hastened immediately to warn the inhabitants of the danger impending over them, swimming the river and reaching the village but a little while before the savage army made its appearance. In the absence of a regular garrison the defense of the fort had been intrusted to the militia residing in or near the village, and those of the inhabitants who sought safety within its walls, under the direction of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, in command of the post.

Immediately dispatching Captain Boggs as an express messenger to warn the neighboring settlements and solicit relief and reinforcements for their slender garrison, Colonel Zane directed the settlers to repair at once to the fort, the command of which was confided to his brother, Colonel Silas Zane.

Col. Ebenezer Zane retired into his own dwelling, which he had built for purposes of defense as well as for a residence. It stood at right angles with the fort, distant some sixty yards to the southeast, and was in structure a regular block house, with loop holes for musketry. It contained the military stores which had been furnished by the government of Virginia and the military authorities of the department, and as it was admirably situated as an outpost from which to annoy the savages in their onsets, he resolved on maintaining possession of it, as well as to aid in defense of the fort, as for the preservation of the ammunition.

The Indians Appear.

So short was the time which elapsed between the alarm of Lynn and the appearance of the Indians that only those who were immediately present were able to retire into the fort. The hurry consequently did not permit the bringing in of any of the neighboring inhabitants to augment the garrison, and when the attack began there were not more than twenty effective men within its walls to oppose the assaults of the besieging host.

Scarcely were the people of the village gathered within the fortress before the savages appeared. Finding from the movements around the fort that intelligence of its approach had been received, and that a surprise or ambuscade was impossible, the army marched boldly and quickly forward. As they came in sight of the garrison the red uniforms of the British soldiers were quickly discerned in the van, while amid the ranks of the dusky warriors that followed, and tossing to and fro in the evening breeze was seen the proud and historic banner of Britain, victorious on so many honorable fields of Continental Europe, but now lending the sanction of its presence to the barbarous and cruel warfare of the savage.

The besieging force numbered forty British soldiers, under the command of Captain Pratt, and 260 Indian warriors commanded by Girty. They quickly formed their lines of investment around the fort, and, advancing their colors, made a demand for the surrender of the fort. This was promptly refused, and the refusal emphasized by the firing of several shots at their standard by order of Silas Zane.

The Indians immediately opened fire on the fort and rushed forward to the assault with great impetuosity. They were met by a brisk and well-directed fire from the garrison and house, which soon drove them back in confusion. Rallying, they again rushed forward and were again repulsed.

Both the fort and the house were well supplied with arms, and the great exertions of the women in molding bullets, loading guns and handing them to the men enabled them to fire so rapidly, yet effectively, as to supply in some measure their lack of numbers and cause the savages to recoil from every charge. The fort had also a small cannon, mounted as a swivel gun, which was a very efficient aid in repelling their attacks. The enemy, it is said, at first took it to be a wooden dummy intended to deceive them into keeping a respectful distance, but when the swivel sent its messengers of death so swiftly into their ranks they were confounded and dismayed. At the very first shot Captain Pratt called to his men to stand clear, saying he had heard cannon before and this was no make-believe affair.

The fire from the house of Colonel Zane had also been very galling. It occupied just the position to afford the greatest service to the beleaguered garrison, as at any attempt to assault or storm the fort the enemy were met with a hot enfilading fire which was particularly destructive and demoralizing to the assailants.

Taught prudence, the savages retired to the base of the hill, where, under the protection of the forest, they maintained a constant fire upon the fort until darkness intervened, when it ceased, and the garrison was left for a short time undisturbed.

Tried the Firebrand.

So severely, however, had they suffered from the fire poured upon them from Colonel Zane's house that they were determined to seize the opportunity of the darkness to set it afire and destroy it. For this purpose, when all was silence, a savage with a firebrand in his hand, came crawling to the kitchen, and raising himself from the ground, waving the torch to and fro to rekindle its flame, and about to apply it to the building, received a shot which forced him to let fall the engine of destruction and hobble howling away. The vigilance of Sam (the nego) had detected him in time to thwart his purpose.

Little repose had the anxious garrison that night. Aside from the constant vigilance necessary to prevent any attempt of the cunning savages to scale or undermine the pickets and penetrate the enclosure, they were called upon actively to resist their impetuous attacks through the night, made doubly difficult by the surrounding darkness.

Their fear of the cannon and the severe reception they met with at the hands of the garrison and the few men stationed in Colonel Zane's house, in their first onslaught, made the leaders chary of again risking a direct assault in daytime. About 12 o'clock at night, however, under cover of the thick darkness, they made a furious assault on the pickets to capture the place by storm. Swarming up to the gates, and filling the night with their fearful and hideous yells, they rushed hard upon the palisades, expecting, through the breach, to massacre the brave and gallant defenders of the fort. But their purpose failed of success. The pickets resisted the attempt to break them

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